

# Arlington

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# Advocate.

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No. 5.

## Poetry.

### THE MODEL CHURCH.

Well, wife, I've found the model church! I worshipped there to-day;  
It made me think of good old times, before my hairs were gray.  
The meetin'-house was fixed up more than they were years ago;  
But then I felt when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me way back by the door;  
He knew I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor,  
He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through  
The long aisle of that crowded church, to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singin'; it had the old time ring.

The preacher said, with trumpet voice, 'Let all the people sing!'

The tune was Coronation, and the music upward rolled,

Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away, my spirit caught the fire;

I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir,

And sang, as in my youthful days, 'Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him Lord of all.'

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more;  
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore.

I almost want to lay aside this weather-beaten form,

And anchor in the blessed port forever from the storm.

The preachin'? Well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said;  
I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read.

He hadn't time to read it, for the lightnin' of his eye

Went passing 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple gospel truth;

It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth.

'Twas full of compensation for weary hearts that bled:

'Twas full of invitations to Christ and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous, in Gentiles and in Jews.

He shot the golden sentences down on the finest pews,

And—though I can't see very well—I saw the falling tear,

That told me hell was some ways off, and Heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy place!

How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face!

Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall meet with friend;

'When congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end.'

I hope to meet that minister—the congregation too—in the dear home beyond the skies that shine from Heaven's blue.

I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray,

The happy hour of worship in that model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought—the victory be won:

The shinin' goal is just ahead, the race is nearly run.

Over the river we are fearin' they are throngin' to the shore—

To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

## Selected.

### ANTI-SHYLOCK.

Four years since, I received a note signed by a well known lawyer, asking me to drop into his office, if I should happen to be down town, or to let him know at what hour he should call on me, as he desired to have a short interview with me.

As I had business in Wall street that day, I took the first alternative, rather curious as to the business on hand, for I had no connection with law suits. I owed nobody and nobody owed me—I was a private gentleman, with a sufficient income, not very rich, nor yet very poor—with a wife, a young son, a decent town house in a cross street above Union Square, and a modest country seat, where I fished and wandered during summer.

My legal correspondent was in his office, like a spider in the middle of his web. He seemed a little embarrassed when I entered, but at length, after the customary interchange of civilities, he said:

"In court I can put questions well enough, but those are pertinent, and these I have to propound are impertinent."

"You are frank, at all events."

"That is as much as to say I'm no lawyer, and I'm afraid I'll prove you about right. My client, who is himself a lawyer, instructs me to ask you some questions, and does it in an entirely mysterious way. I am under the certainty that you will not betray his confidence and let you into mine. There—read, that letter.

So saying, he shoved an epistle at me across the table. I have no copy of it, but it was substantially as follows:

CHICAGO, ILL., June 21, 1865.

Sir: Enclosed find a certificate check for one hundred dollars. If this be not a sufficient fee for the service desired, write for more.

Enquire about Jonathan J. Morton, who lives, or did live in New York. Get his address and business if he have any. In order to identify him, find out if he ever went to school to a Mr. Graede, in Varick street. Also, if he ever knew a boy there, a fellow pupil, by the name of Hirsch, and if he can remember his first name. This information is for Morton's own benefit. I have a client who is anxious to know, and willing to pay for the knowledge. Do not let Morton find out the object of these inquiries.

Pray answer as soon as possible, and oblige.

Your obedient servant,  
REUBEN LEVY.

"That is all very well," I said; "but what is the object?"

"That is what I can't make out, unless it is your benefit in some way that he has spoken of just now. However, there are the questions; you can answer them or not, as you see fit. If you are the man required, and can give the information, I pocket the fee sent—if not, I send it back again."

"Well," I said, "it can't injure me to have you retain the money. I did go to that school, certainly. Old Graede prepared a number of boys for college. I remember young Hirsch very well. His name was David, and his father was a Hebrew in religion, and a sort of dealer in everything, and money-lender, I fancy. The boy was a slender, weakly fellow, with large, dark eyes, had a handsome face—not with the conventional Jewish features. We got very intimate too, through one thing."

"May I ask what that was? Bu' I beg your pardon, I—"

"There was nothing in it. The rest of the boys took a spite at David, solely through religious prejudice, and used to annoy him a great deal. Bart Doremus, the big boy and bully of the school, used to make a practice of getting before him in the play-ground, and quoting Scripture texts at him: 'David, thou art the man,' and such; and ask him where his sling was,—when he heard from Mr. Goldiah, and silly things of that kind, that almost set David wild. One day he said to him:

"David, your father is old David, ain't he?"

"His name is David," replied the other, "but why do you ask?"

"Oh, I want to know if your mother was Bathsheba, or some other she-bear," was the reply.

"David turned on his tormentor, and, to the surprise of all, deliberately slapped his face. Bart stripped off his coat at once, but I knew that this little fellow was no match for his antagonist, and shoved him aside and took his place. I wasn't much of a fighting fowl, but my blood was up. I went in and licked the bully, and was at once promoted cock of

the walk, vice Bartholomew Doremus, retired."

"You and David must have become firm friends."

"Very much so. The boys called us 'David and Jonathan,' but not very loud, for when I found how much fight there was in me, I was disposed to stand no nonsense."

"What became of him?"

"I don't know. We were in college together, and took our bachelor's degrees at the same time; but David had bad health, and travelled in Europe awhile. I used to hear from him now and then, but for the last two years I have quite lost track of him."

That evening I told my wife about the affair, when she exclaimed:

"Why, here's his name among the deaths."

And sure enough, there it was:

"Died at Chicago, of consumption, July 19th, David Hirsch, Jr., in the twenty-ninth year of his age."

We talked about it a good deal that night and the next day and for a week, when the whole thing passed from our minds.

Two years and a half ago, I was persuaded to take some shares in a silver mining company. The vein lay in Durango, in Mexico, and was said to be unusually rich. All silver mines are not what they are represented, but this was. After a deal of trouble about fixing titles, we got to work, and the prospects were so favorable, that I invested more and more in it, and finally furnished about two-thirds of the working capital. This I did, after I had made a personal visit to the mine, and satisfied myself thoroughly as to its value. It had been neglected, being supposed to be worthless, and denounced by the party from whom we bought it, and who discovered a new vein, which, as our engineer had predicted, turned out to be filled with tractable ore, yielding, on an average, one hundred dollars to the ton. Our dividends grew fast, but we put them back in raising smelting works and building a new aqueduct. Just then a heavy storm arose, the swollen water course running through the ravine above the mine, changed its path, and in one night swept away smelting works, stamping mills and aqueduct. The damage was very great, and made an assessment on the capital stock necessary. Our engineer, who brought up the news, obtained a "prologue" before he started, but under a pretense of a lack of form, this was set aside by the mining deputation; and when, after months of negotiation, we raised the necessary money, we found that our mine had been "denounced," for having suspended operations over the required time, and that the Prefect and his friends were in actual possession. As nearly everything I was worth, had been gradually invested in the speculation, I was in a bad way.

Fate seemed determined to complete my ruin.

I had a brother-in-law, a well-meaning fellow, who was extremely unfortunate in everything he undertook. Lack of judgment or an unfitness for business, is generally covered by the term misfortune, but in his case was sheer bad luck. Enterprises in which he embarked, by the advice of the coolest-headed sons of Mammon; purchases which common sense itself dictated; everything that in any one else's hand would seem to be surely successful, went with him to utter ruin. It became a proverb finally in business circles—"as unlucky as Greenleigh." Yet,

with this unlucky man, whom no one else would trust, through fear of his malign star, I was entangled. Without troubling myself much about the affairs of the firm—none in fact—I was the Co. in the house of Greenleigh & Co. What was left of my capital was locked up there securely.

The first thing I knew about it was that purchases of sugar, cotton and rice, had in some way or other ended disastrously.

My brother-in-law explained it all to me with great care. It was a luminous exposition, no doubt, but I reflected the light rather than absorbed it—I did not take in how it was all brought about. But this I comprehended thoroughly: The house of Greenleigh was gone by the board. The original capital was not only gone, but the liabilities of the house amounted to two hundred thousand dollars. Every one who held our paper had parted with it in the streets on the first indication of our troubles, and those who held other claims seemed indifferent to them. I understood all this.

Greenleigh had no real estate. I had a brown stone front and a little country seat. My wife talked it over. We both agreed there was no help for it. We should have to sell the property for the creditors' benefit, as far as it would go, and then—that was the trouble. There was no filling out that blank. I had no profession—I was not even a literary man. I could carry a hod, and my wife would take in fancy ironing. By Jove! the thing was coming to close quarters.

We called a meeting of the creditors at the counting-room. We called, but only one came. We waited and waited, and talked with the new copper, who was a grim, silent old man, with a hooked nose, and curling, grizzled hair, and clad in deep black, with a white neck-cloth. He dressed like a respectable Methodist preacher, with a rich circuit, but there was no mistaking those features. They were those of a Hebrew, and it seemed to me that his eyes had a peculiarly gold glitter.

We entered into conversation. The stranger opened the ball.

"You need look for no one else," he said. "I am your creditors. I have every standing obligation of your house duly transferred to me. Your credit cannot well suffer by that, except with me. I bought your notes at a discount—it was the money rate at the time; but I purchased all the rest at their faces. But what do you propose to do?"

Greenleigh began to speak, but I interrupted him.

"Any extension is impossible," I said. "I don't pretend to be a business man, but I have looked through these accounts, and have come to the conclusion that the wreck cannot be remedied. I would pay the entire amount, but I am not able. All I have consists of real estate, and mining stock which is not worth two cents on the dollar. I propose to have my real estate valued by disinterested parties, and transferred to you, if you hold all the claims. My wife has some jewelry which she proposes to give up. I have a valuable library and some personal property which I will throw in. There is no possibility of the rest ever being paid."

"But Jonathan—" began my brother-in-law.

"Don't bother, James. I propose to do what it would all end in. You are unfortunate, and I am inexperienced. We cannot drive on this concern."

"But" said our creditor, ignoring my brother, "what are you to do for your family?"

"I have these hands," I answered, and I presume I must have grinned horribly, for my interlocutor smiled horribly. It was a self-satisfied smile, and I fancied a little malicious.

"A very soft, white pair," he said.

"Sir," I cried, drawing myself up indignantly, "I offer you all the pound of flesh there is."

"Exactly. You think I am a Shylock. The law awards it, and the court decrees it," I see. I am a Jew—yes! a Jew. That means, no doubt, that I am hard, unmerciful. Your religion teaches mercy. It does not always teach you knowledge of men."

"I had no reference to your religion, Mr. —— I beg your pardon, but your name is—"

"Hirsch. I live in Chicago. I am retired from business."

"Hirsch!"

"Yes. You knew my son at school, I think. Now I differ from you in several things. First, I do not think your house is to be ruined. Your partner here has been a little rash—that is all. His ill luck is ill judgment. Don't interrupt me, Mr. Greenleigh. Give me a creditor's privilege for a few minutes. You made those purchases on a fallen market. You bought on time, when you should have sold. Now you are selling where you should hold. To do this you want means, and those you propose to throw away on your debts.—That is very honest, but wholly unnecessary. Now, listen to what I propose. I have capital sufficient. Give me a third of your business, and let me manage for a year. I will surrender you these obligations, and take your personal note for the amount for twelve months. At the end of that time, if you are not able to pay principal and interest, I will agree to forfeit all."

I was thunderstruck. I think that is the nearest way to express my feelings.

Of course we could not reject this offer. We turned everything to the management of Hirsch, and merely looked on.

One day, about nine months afterwards, as I was busy writing in the counting-room, for Hirsch had suggested that we might at least save one clerk's salary—and I had taken the hint—our new partner turned to me and said:

"Jonathan, have you those mining shares?"

"Yes. They're of no use, but they are put away."

"You have enough to control the management of the company?"

"Yes."

"I have been in communication with a Welsh firm of smelters. They sent out an agent, and finding the mine rich as represented, have made you an offer to erect works there, and do both mining and smelting, for two-thirds—allowing you the other third clear. This is to last for ten years, when the works are to go to the company in good condition. They agree to guarantee you ten per cent. on your capital. I think I would take their offer."

"But we have lost the mine."

"No; that is all right. The Mining Deputation has set aside the proceeding for fraud and irregularity, and I have two miners at work as your representative."

Of course we accepted the offer, and our first installment of two and one half per cent was paid me three months afterward, and the company announced a dividend.

A week after, Hirsch gave us a balance sheet and showed us the firm clear of debt.

He had managed matters shrewdly and successfully, and had drilled my brother-in-law, until that gentleman had discovered that he could be taught something in business, and had set himself diligently and successfully to learn.

"I think I have succeeded," said Hirsch, "and I don't want your partnership. I have transferred it to both of you. You can stand alone now. All I ask of you is, that you won't trouble me so long as you are successful. If you get things mixed again, send for me and I will try to straighten them

# Arlington Advocate.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
BY JOHN L. PARKER,  
At the Store of M. A. Richardson & Co.  
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Terms \$1.00 a year in advance. Advertising terms liberal.

ARLINGTON, FEB. 1, 1873.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable, as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications that are not used.

GOOD.—What bothers the Auditors is, that they cannot find errors in Friend Allen's accounts. It's too bad, but not surprising.

COLD.—It was cold enough Thursday to suit us. One of our residents informs us that the thermometer registered 20 below zero, and that with one exception, when it was 22 below, it was the coldest morning for 35 years.

W.M. PENN HOSE.—The engineers met last Saturday night, and disbanded the W.M. Penn Hose Co. On Thursday evening it was re-organized. The Co. will give a ball on the 21st, inst., which they intend to make the best fireman's ball ever held in the vicinity.

KIND.—The members of Bethel Lodge I. O. O. F., have furnished a fine reclining chair for the use of Mr. S. W. Haley, one of their members, who is, and has been for some time sick. Mr. Haley reports that his friends have been constant in their attentions during his illness.

ICE.—Never was there better ice than that which is being cut at present on Spy Pond. Full seventeen inches in thickness, and of a remarkably pure quality. The season is being improved, and soon the huge houses will be packed with those beautiful crystals, the sight of which during next July and August will be so refreshing.

RE-UNION.—The Arlington Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Society will hold a re-union in the Town Hall, Arlington, on the 14th of February. They have engaged the Metropolitan Band and the arrangements are in the hands of a committee that will leave nothing undone to make this an entirely successful affair. The dancing will commence at 8 o'clock.

REQUEST.—The Selectmen wish us to state that they are keeping house at the hospital (small-pox), and having engaged a first-class nurse and all the "fixins," for a first-class establishment, they sincerely hope if there are to be any more cases of small-pox, that the parties will hurry up and catch it. It would be a pity to break up housekeeping after the arrangements have been perfected. A word to the wise is sufficient.

GLEE CLUB.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of an entertainment to be given in the Town Hall, Monday evening next, Feb. 3d, under the auspices of Tufts College Boat Club. Prof. Brown needs no recommendation to our citizens. His readings alone are well worth the price of admission. Music by the Glee Club will be a pleasant feature of the evening, and who does not enjoy a good college song? There has been a dearth of entertainments among us this winter, and this, we are sure, will prove a genuine treat to all who attend. We certainly hope the college boys may have a crowded house.

Correspondence,  
MR. EDITOR:—I think most of your readers find the late and present weather sufficiently cold for all practical purposes, and they naturally keep as much indoors as possible. When attending church, lectures, or public entertainments, of any kind, they have a weakness of wishing to be somewhat more comfortable than when out of doors. Halls and rooms where meetings are held, should be warmed to a comfortable degree, in order to preserve health and insure an interest in the exercises. I know of nothing which is productive of so much discomfort or danger as a cold church or lecture room. Janitors who are dilatory in this regard, strike a blow at public health. Lately I have heard much complaint, and have

myself suffered on account of somebody's fault. We hope the fires will be kept burning.

ZERO.

## Correspondence.

CEMETERY.—Within the centre of our pleasant town is located the old cemetery, near the church—filled with the dead of past generations. All our townsmen and friends from abroad love to come here at eventide. Over these old, mouldering tombstones, shadowed by the branches of the old trees, amid the many emblems and symbols of the life to come, we feel as it were, the breathings of that language of the affections, which was lost in Paradise.

Though no presence doth appear,  
Nor aught falleth on the ear—  
Spirit doth with spirit hold  
Converse in this earthly mould,  
Spirits come on wings of love,  
From the courts of bliss above,  
And around our pathway throw  
Light and joy while here below.

It is pleasant to look upon the old cemetery by the church. Let the adornments and laying out of the new be such as all our citizens shall not only love but be proud of as a sacred retreat from the noise and bustle of daily life, a place wherein are gathered the heart's best affections, should be something more than an ordinary enclosure, laid out without taste, practicability, or even common convenience. Our new purchase, for the extension of the new cemetery domains, is a large and desirable piece of ground, well adapted for the use which it is designed, a resting place for the body during its long, last sleep. Let us all then, try to apprehend the true idea of a rural cemetery. With the many capabilities possessed in this new location, it seems but natural that the best plans should be adopted, even if it does "cost a little more." There need be no "pinching policy," no "six and a quarter cents," arrangements of appropriation at this time. Let our new cemetery grounds be laid out with true taste, and with an eye to the beautiful, and it will not only pay well in the end, but give satisfaction to very many persons, which the present "staked out" arrangement does not.

Our new cemetery properly laid out and adorned, would then be a sacred enclosure, making the heart better, and leading our thoughts from earth to heaven, from the cold, inanimate form below, to Him who is the "Resurrection and the Life."

## DELTA.

VINE BROOK HEARING.—The Committee on Water Supply and Drainage gave a hearing on Tuesday upon the petition of the Selectmen of Arlington for authority to take water from Vine Brook.

Hon. D. W. Gooch appeared for the petitioners, and explained the object of the petition, and called as a witness Charles D. Elliot, civil engineer, who explained the condition of the water shed.

Nathaniel C. Nash then testified at length, his testimony going to show that not sufficient water can be supplied for the uses of the people of Arlington, without getting water from Vine Brook.

Mr. Gould of Lexington, testified that if the great meadows could be flooded with water from Vine Brook the health of the community would be improved.

Mr. David Muzzey testified that he owned land on Vine Brook. He thought it would be no detriment to Lexington to turn Vine Brook into Arlington meadows, if Lexington could be insured all the water it needs. It would increase the valuation of land.

Mr. Reed, a resident of Lexington, testified that it is of the utmost importance to have the meadow lands cleared and covered with water sufficient to keep it pure. In the spring, when the water is drawn off, there were dead fish and a deposit of scum which was offensive.

Loring S. Pierce testified that he agreed with the foregoing testimony, and deemed it expedient to improve the beauty and enhance the value of property. The supply from Vine Brook will not injure Lexington or Burlington, and will supply Arlington beside.

Warren Rawson testified that he is a market gardener, and if he could have this water he could improve the quantity and quality of his vegetables. Now he waters his vegetables by artificial means. Arlington raises a good share of the vegetables used in Boston. Water is required as well by the people, for domestic purposes as for market gardening, and in dry seasons now they fall short.

The hearing was adjourned for one week.

On this (Saturday) morning, the Committee of the Legislature accompanied by the committees for petitioners and remonstrants will visit the towns of Arlington and Lexington, in order to look the ground over and judge more understandingly. Arlington representatives feel very sanguine of success.

## LEXINGTON.

Thanks to Hon. Chas. Sumner for Ninth Census and U. S. Case at Geneva.

Remember the Prize Speaking at the Town Hall on Monday evening. We hope to see the hall crowded.

BAND.—The Band went to Burlington on the evening of the 28th ult., and gave a concert and wound up with a dance.

VARIOLOID.—It is reported that Mr. Geo. Conant has the varioloid. Conant was very careless while Mr. Ballard was sick, not only as regards himself, but in associating with others.

We should have said that the Library Catalogues are upon the Library table for gratuitous distribution, and not merely for consultation as some have thought.

BALL.—Hancock Engine Co. N. 2, will give a ball on Feb. 12th, at the Town Hall. This is their first ball and they intend to offer a good bill in the shape of a nice supper and fine music by Dunbar. Capt. H. A. Turner is manager.

LIBRARY.—The officers of the Cary Library have adopted this rule. All books that have been taken out by persons in whose families or houses there have been cases of small-pox or varioloid, will be destroyed, thus securing the public safety.

CHURCH DEBT.—The debt of the Unitarian society as stated a short time ago amounted to \$1,500. It was proposed that blanks be deposited in the pews and each person give what they thought fit towards the liquidation of this debt. This plan was pursued, and something over \$1100 was raised. The balance will, in all probability soon follow.

RAILROAD.—In spite of snow or cold weather the contractors are pushing along the work of grading. The workmen are all upon the Lexington side of the hill where the large cutting is, and they have extended the roadbed across the meadow, towards the centre of the town, and into and nearly through the belt of woods between it and Hammon Reed's.

SERENADE.—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Jackson were the recipients of a serenade from the Band on Monday evening, the 27th ult. Mr. Wentworth furnished the visitors with a nice supper and the evening was agreeably spent in chat and music. A motion to meet again in ten years was made and carried, and after "Home, Sweet Home" by the Band, the party dispersed with many good wishes for Mr. and Mrs. J.

MEMORIAL FAIR.—From every side come expressions of sympathy with the idea of a Grand Fair in aid of the Memorial fund. The people, and especially the young people wish to have a part in the praiseworthy work of filling the vacant niches, and helping to complete the work so well begun by their elders. Give them a chance. They will work with spirit and zeal and cannot fail to achieve glorious results. Then each one who aids by their work or dollars will have a share in the pride which will very naturally exist when the work is complete.

ACCIDENTS.—A broken rail near Muzzey's crossing rendered necessary the pushing into the depot here, of the 8.10 A. M. train from Boston, Wednesday. The engine with a snow plow in front, proceeded to do this, but struck the train, and smashed the platform of the smoking car badly.

Thursday morning, while the 7:10 train was being made up, two cars standing in the depot were run into, and the drawbar of a passenger car, and the platform of a baggage car were broken.

Broken rails in abundance this week. Four at Peirce's bridge and one at Muzzey's crossing. Upon one or two occasions the trains were delayed. A little new track would do here.

The first train from Lexington, Friday morning found a broken rail at East Lexington, and in running over it one of the locomotives was broken.

MR. EDITOR.—As the annual March meeting draws near, allow me to say a word in regard to the choice of one Overseer of the Poor in or near the centre village, or else the appointment of some person who can give permits for wayfarers to stop at the poorhouse over night. I am led to make these remarks from the frequent cases which have come under my notice this winter, where persons have come here to find work on the R. R. extension, but could find no place to stop over night or get anything to eat without travelling 4 or 5 miles, it may be, in a severe snow storm, causing much hardship. If an appropriation were made whereby the Police could feed them who are hungry, it might do, as they have felt obliged to give aid in several cases lately and lodging in the lockup under the town hall.

## X. Y. Z.

### [Correspondence]

MR. EDITOR.—It is well to deal with people as they are and not as you wish them to be. Your correspondent of last week on the subject of Lectures, is, perhaps, right in theory, but hardly in practice. The community he would have would be a learned one, no doubt, but it would be of blue blood and pedantic. Books and newspapers are too widely circulated and too generally read to render necessary lectures purely scientific, geographic or theoretic. I think people do attend lectures for relaxation and amusement, and to speak of it in the public print is to tell the truth even if it is to be deplored, though for one I do not know as it is a lamentable fact.

The formula of the modern lecture has been stated by that prince of lyceum orators, Rev. T. Starr King, in this way: "It consists of four parts of sense and five parts of nonsense, and there are but ten men in New England who know how to mix the two." Rev. E. E. Hale says, "A generation ago the people of Boston liked to know something, but I fear that has now passed and is regarded as mythical. What I know of this generation, is that it likes to be amused. It goes into raptures as well as any people I ever heard of, but I do not find that it cares over much to be instructed."

Our case, Mr. Editor, is peculiar. We wanted money (a common want), so we had a Lecture Course last year to raise it. Success crowned the effort, though I do not remember the sum added to the Memorial fund, but it was a neat amount. What was it that paid? What was it that filled the hall? Was it Washburn on law, or White on statistics? Was it Field's Plea, Coffin with his seemingly Munchausen stories, Conwell's pleasantries, Ford's and Marshall's Readings, Nason's humor, Harriman's eloquent periods, the Dramatics, or the Concert? Could we not have spared the first two? Men of culture and refinement to be sure, but did the public stamp their efforts with approval? By the public, I mean all who attend, and not the erudite few who only relish solid food. Is it not the general public who is to be suited, a public with a "taste for amusement" combined with instruction, a taste too, that makes the world better, truer and longer-lived?

I was interested in Dr. Hill's lecture, but my neighbor went to sleep while the Dr. discoursed of fauna, flora and glaciators. Did he instruct that person? I grant, there is much to be said in favor of instruction, but do season it so as to hide what may be to many a disagreeable dose.

1873.

### [Correspondence]

MR. EDITOR.—Some of your readers are not willing that your criticism of Dr. Hill's lecture should go abroad as the opinion of all who listened to it. I do not feel that it would be courteous for me to find fault with any of the lectures since they are free will offerings, but I cannot refrain from thinking that we shall never become "The Model Town" if our tastes are only satisfied by such viands as the "Model Town" lecture offered.

I think the lyceum should be for the most part a school of instruction to give us new, fresh thoughts. Dr. Hill's lecture was, at least, to some of his hearers, highly entertaining because full of instruction. The pleasant, conversational tone was not the utterance of the great scholar and thinker, but of the kind friend, anxious to impart to those less favored than himself the real pleasure and profit he had derived from his travels.

I had studied and read about glaciers and the glacial theory, but never before did my mind's eye see so clearly the beauties of these remarkable formations, and I was also interested in the description of the flora, birds and inhabitants of those desolate regions. The lecture has given me a thirst to know more about "The straits of Magellan," and my only regret is that I cannot gather more knowledge from so rich a source.

## ONE OF YOUR READERS.

## New Publications.

LITERARY GUEST, by J. H. Livingstone, Lynn, Mass. A sixteen-paged monthly, price \$1.00 per year, with a valuable chromo given to each subscriber. It looks well, is well printed, and has attractions for old and young. We see no reason why it should not be, as we trust it will, a welcome monthly guest. No. 1 for January is on our table.

SCIENCE OF HEALTH.—Feb., No. 2 is at hand, and abounds with a varied and interesting table of contents. The article on the dress of children, if carefully read, and the excellent and sensible advice therein given, followed as it should be, we should see the value of good warm clothing, in the healthy, well developed limbs and physical manhood of such a course of training. L. R. Fowler, Publisher, N. Y.

BACKLOG STUDIES, by Charles Dudley Warner. J. R. Osgood & Co. This is an elegant new book and reflects great credit to the publishers. Hopper's illustrations add much to the value of this little work.

The moment you open this book, before you have even perused one page, it you had not seen the author's name upon the title-page, you would at once recollect your old friend of a "Summer in the Garden," by his familiar and quaint style of thought, his dry, quiet humor. To a New England man, the days of his boyhood are most vividly recalled, he sees again before him the large old-fashioned fire-place, the huge hickory logs, and the blazing pine knots, before which he sat in the days of his boyhood. And then all the memories of the "olden time" come wakening as it were, unbidden before him. We heartily recommend this book to all our readers. We shall again refer to it at a future time.

STATE PRISON.—The Legislative Committee had a hearing on Tuesday, when offers for a new site came in quite numerous. Among others, were the following from this vicinity:

Mr. Cook urged the advantages of 50 acres between Woburn and Winchester. The Lowell Railroad and Woburn Branch Railroad run through it. A river runs through it emptying into the Mystic river.

D. N. Skillings, of Winchester, represented by H. J. Stevens, offered thirty-two acres adjoining the railroad. Access to Boston is easy, and there is abundance of water. Gas is supplied and plenty of stone.

Mr. J. C. Blodell invited the Committee to visit his place in Lexington. Fine prospect, high land, on Lexington Branch Railroad; a granite ledge has been lately discovered.

Mr. Porter presented the advantages of 150 acres in Stoneham and Wakefield, which is for sale. It is eight miles from Boston, on a line of railroad, and in an elevated location, and supplied with good water. Price \$50 an acre.

It seems desirable that the new location shall be somewhere not very remote from Boston, and it seems probable that the Committee will place it somewhere in Middlesex or Essex.

## Married.

In Woburn, Jan. 18th, by Rev. Edward L. McClure, Owen Miller and Celia McRhenney, all of W.

and 1st of Feb., by Rev. Edward L. McClure, Owen Miller and Celia McRhenney, all of W.

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices cents a line.

In Woburn, Jan. 18th, Thomas McGrath, aged 38 years.

In Woburn, Jan. 20th, Catherine Doherty, aged 80 years.

In Weymouth, aged 60 years.

In Woburn, Jan. 23th, Marie Louise, wife of Geo. E. Pickering, aged 21 years, 8 months.

In Woburn, Jan. 23th, Charles E., son of Elmer and Henrietta A. Richardson, aged 8 months, 9 days.

In East Lexington, Jan. 23th, William H. Whittemore, aged 60 years.

In North Cambridge, Jan. 25th, suddenly, Hannah M., wife of S. F. Woodbridge, aged 58 yrs. 10 mos. 12 days.

In Northwood, N. H., Jan. 25th, John Carswell, aged 83 years, 4 months.

In Lynn, Jan. 25th, Freeman B. Embree, late of Woburn, aged 4 years, 3 months.

### Special Notices.

#### Lexington Savings Bank.

Deposits in sums of Five Cents to One Thousand Dollars will be received at this Bank, and placed upon interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. LEONARD G. BABCOCK, Treas'r.

Lexington, April 24th, 1872.

#### Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank.

Interest allowed on deposits at the rate of six percent, per annum, made up and added to the principal, on the first Saturday in January and July. Deposits put on interest the first Saturday in each month. Bank open Saturday afternoon and evening.

WILLIAM PROCTOR, Treas.

ALBERT WINN, President.

February 19, 1872.

#### ARLINGTON POST-OFFICE.

Mail arrives at 7.30 A. M., and 4.30 P. M.

Mail closes at 9 A. M., and 4 P. M.

#### LEXINGTON POST-OFFICE.

Mail arrives at 7.30 A. M., and 4.30 P. M.

Mail closes at 9.00 A. M., and 4 P. M.

#### Arlington Assemblies.

Mr. G. H. Gardner will give a Select Assembly in connection with his Dancing School, every Thursday evening, in the Town Hall, Tickets \$1.00. Good music in attendance. The right to reject any application is reserved in order that the Assemblies may be select.

#### THE ENTERTAINMENT BY PROF. MOSES BROWN,

and the

#### Tufts College Clee Club

postponed on account of the weather, will take place in the

TOWN HALL, ARLINGTON,

MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 3, 1873,

at 7.30 o'clock.

#### ADMISSION 30 CENTS.

Tickets for sale at P. O., and Dodge's apothecary store.

The students of the College, having that enthusiasm in boating so generally felt among sister institutions, seek in this way to secure the funds necessary to build up the boating interest at Tufts. In view of this object, Professor Brown gives his services upon very generous terms. His name alone guarantees an entertainment worthy of your patronage. The Glee Club, furthermore, will furnish some choice music including some student's songs.

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AND

#### HARNESS MANUFACTURERS.

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Repairing promptly and neatly executed.

#### NORTH END SAVINGS BANK,

No. 80 UNION STREET,

BOSTON.

This bank has never paid less than six per cent per annum, free of tax to its depositors.

All deposits made on or before the first day of any month are then placed upon interest and share in the next dividend.

Dividends as soon as declared are at once added to the accounts of depositors and at once begin to earn interest thus giving COMPOUND INTEREST.

ROBERT MARSH. GEO. C. TRUMBULL. President. Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. 102

Clinton Viles, Thomas L. Jenkins.

Harvey Carpenter, Daniel H. Whitney.

William Robinson, George S. Derby.

The Congregationalist opens the new year with articles from some of the most eminent writers in the country. In the first number REV. W. H. H. MURRAY furnishes the first of twelve articles from his pen. It is entitled "A Free Pulpit a Pulpit of Power." In the Sabbath School column Dr. TODD has comments every week on the Uniform Lessons, and thousands will regard these alone as worth the cost of the paper. MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN, who interests alike all classes of readers, will furnish one of her popular sketches every month. A series of twelve articles from as many of the most distinguished clergymen in England, such as DEAN STANLEY and DR. BINNEY, will be commenced next week. REV. HORACE JAMES furnishes letters from abroad once in two weeks. An attractive Agricultural column is edited by JAMES F. C. HYDE. Besides our usual Children's Department we publish this year one or more articles every week in large type for the youngest. Our Washington letter every week, though only a column long is read with great interest and comes to seem like a familiar talk about events at the Capital. If you wish to know what is going on at the East, in New York, in the Interior or at the West, take the Congregationalist. Our news department, both secular and religious and the literary page of the Congregationalist, are more full and complete than those of any other religious paper, and we aim to make the most interesting, attractive and valuable of religious journals for the family.

Every new subscriber gets a beautiful chromo and frame worth \$5 at least. Send for a specimen number. Forty columns of reading matter a week, price \$2 a year. Sent to clergymen of any denomination, without Chromo, \$2.

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**R U P T U R E**  
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All the improved Trusses known to medical science throughout the world, including Jones' Foraminoes, the Elastic, Morse's Electro Galvanic, the Radical cure, &c., &c., at the Head office 620 Washington Street, Boston, where Rupture, Prolapus Uteri and Ani, spinal and joint Diseases are treated and cured by DR. STEVENSON, the eminent Physician and Surgeon from Edinburgh, Scotland.

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WOBURN.

## THE LUDICROUS IN PATENTS.

The amount of misapplied talent engaged on inventions that can never be used, is as wonderful as it is prolific, and there is a ludicrous element in many of the patents, and more of the applications which is well worth investigation. We extract from the records of the patent-office, an account of some of these, that show more genius than common sense, and have produced more laughter than profit.

In 1870, the owner of certain bee-hives, irritated by the loss of his honey by the bee-moth, asked for a patent of a combined hen-roost and bee-hive. He had noticed that the bee-moth travels at night, while the busy bee works by day. His desire, therefore, was for a device that should admit the worker by day, and keep out the thief by night. This his ingenuity effected by the erection of a hen-roost pivoted upon a bee-hive provided with gates. The bees were expected to be in their cells just before dusk, the hens, lighting on their roosts, were then to close the gates of the hive, and keep them shut all night. The early rising of the fowls would automatically open the gates again, and return the bees—their honey all safe—to the airs of heaven and the flowers of earth. He received his patent.

Another applicant asked for a patent right for an artificial moon, that should light each town that used it without expense. His eye had often been struck by the reflection of distant windows at sunset, and how far the light travelled. He therefore, proposed a balloon for each town, sufficiently large to raise a huge reflector that was to be hoisted every evening at dusk (about the time the hens had shut in the bees). The reflection of the sun's rays, cast downward upon the village, was sure to light it through all the darkness of the night. Fortunately for himself, this inventor presented his application through a patent attorney, who told him it was doubtful if it could be obtained.

In the fall of 1872, a gentleman, probably from California, applied for and received a patent for building houses on wheels or rollers, so that, in case of an earthquake, they might roll forward or backward, but not be shaken to pieces.

Only three years have passed away since a very ingenious gentleman from the rural districts applied for a patent to prevent cows from switching their tails. He presented two models—one shaped like a bottle, around the neck of which, the cow's tail was to be curled; the other consisted of a square block, with a hole through the centre, wherein the tail was to be run, and then tied in a knot, so that the animal could not withdraw it. On the presentation of the application, the official examiner thought it could not be granted, because of a similar device in "Don Quixote," where Sancho Panza trying to sleep in the hay-loft, was kept awake by the braying of his donkey below. His wakefulness gave Sancho time to reflect that when riding the donkey, the animal always switched his tail when he brayed. Descending hastily from the hay-loft, the squire tied a block to the donkey's tail to prevent him from braying. But, as this device originated with a Spaniard, and had never been repeated in this country, the office decided to grant the patent. Our readers will, therefore, remember that they cannot tie a cow's tail to prevent its switching, without a payment of royalty to the owner of this privilege.

Another gentleman applied for a patent for heating canals by steam, so that boating could go on in winter as well as in summer. The office decided that this invention was worthy of protection, and gave him his patent.

Another applied for a combination of clock and bed, so ingeniously contrived, that when the clock struck, the bottom of the bed dropped out. He claimed that this plan would probably awaken the sleepers.

Speaking of combinations, he must have come from Missouri or Kansas, who asked for a patent for a combination of a cannon and plough. For this purpose, he filed three applications, making the elongated handles of the plough hollow, so as to form two cannon. These were to be kept loaded till the guerrillas were after him; the cannon were then to be fired, the guerrillas shot down, and the farmer to go on his ploughing way, rejoicing.

And he, too, must have come from the borders, who asked for a combination of trunk and house. The trunk was made with triple sides, moving up and down. Doing duty all day in guarding clothes, when night came on, and no cabin near, the goods were to be taken out, the triple walls elevated into one, and the benighted traveller safely housed.

Another asked for a patent for the invention of the generation of steam, by boring a hole in the ground till he reached the waters that are boiled by the internal fires of the earth. He set forth, among the advantages of his plan, that there would be no danger of explosions, no expense for fuel, no necessity of engineers—all which statements are undoubtedly true.

It must have been a relative of this last gentleman, and one equally acquainted with the laws that govern the hidden heart of the planet, who applied for a patent for boring the earth for artesian wells for purposes of irrigation. He gravely set forth that he had made the discovery that quicksilver was heavier than common earth. He therefore, proposed to start a hole, and to empty into it a little mercury. By the laws of Nature, that mercury would be sure to work its way downward till it struck water, and the water would then be sure to work its way upward till it struck

quicksilver. Such as the hero may feel when going into battle, and the first successful "backward five," may aptly prefigure all later triumph and achievement. Nowhere can our young people—boys and girls together—meet in more healthy, natural and hearty relations than on the ice. Nowhere can a manly young fellow—we say it without shadow of silly sentimentality—so commend himself to the regard of a frank, kindly girl, as by his patient, considerate and helpful care in a series of first skating lessons. Nowhere is a fine courageous, spirited girl more attractive than in the modest but fearless determination with which she addresses herself to better the instruction of her more robust companion. Young eyes will light up at the glance of other eyes, we know; young hearts will beat responsive to other hearts, why not a thousand times better under the free sky, the crisp, clear air, and fine inspiration of noble exercise, than in the stifling, noxious atmosphere, and amid the morbid excitement of the ball-room or theatre.—*Scribner's for February.*

There is no end to the effectiveness of a good knocker on the outside of a house. We remember one cold, bitter, miserable winter night, when we came home late, and yet not so very late either, but it was so cold that everybody had gone to bed in the big house in which we lived, and to which we had no latchkey. At the bell we pulled, and we pulled, and we pulled, and the more we pulled the more nobody came. At last we were about giving up in despair, and going to the station house or a hotel, when a policeman came along. "You can't make 'em hear, eh?" said he. "Now just wait a minute." And then he stepped into the street and picked up a brick from a pile near by. With this he knocked, apparently very gently, on the wall of the house. The effect was magical. As the dull, drum-like booming resounded through the house, every window was thrown open and heads popped out on every story. A dozen people were ready to let us in if we would but knock no more. We might even have entered at the back of the house had we been there. In such a case as this, a bell was of no use at all; and as it is easy to see that it would be inconvenient to carry cobble-stones or bricks along with us, for they are not always to be found in the street, what is there that we can really depend upon in such emergencies but a knocker?—*Scribner's for February.*

COULDN'T OBLIGE HIM.—A young lady in a waiting room of a railway station, who wore an English jacket of dark blue, with a velvet collar and a plain Alpine hat, was tapped on the shoulder by a gentleman, who said, while holding an ulti-cigar:

"Will you oblige with a match?"

She looked up suddenly, but surprised at the suddenness of the question, to which only one meaning had ever been attached in her narrow experience, replied with the loveliest of cherry cheeks all in a flare of astonishment: "I am engaged to Tom Fisher." Whether or no the man wanted that kind of a match not made in heaven, but one odorous of that other place where matches most do originate, went down upon his knees and thanked Providence that the young woman did not reply, "I am yours entirely," I don't know, but he ought to have shown his gratitude somehow. Perhaps he sent a letter of thanks to Tom Fisher.

These jackets are very handsome and very perplexing. They fit the figure daintily, and make a rosy girl look like a handsome boy.

SKATING.—There is no finer, more manly, graceful and invigorating sport than skating, and it is a thousand pities that fashion or prudence should have cast some discredit on its enjoyment, and hindered its universal popularity. It gives endless scope for personal courage, endurance, skill and taste. One can't get tired of it, for it is an art whose possibilities are boundless, and whose minute and finer developments are infinite in subtlety, and bewildering in their complex variety. To the accomplished figure-skater of to-day, the blundering straight-ahead operator of twenty years ago, who made it his pride to skate so many miles in so many minutes, to cut a ring backward, and to jump over a log on the ice, is as the pianist of a traveling show to Taussig or Rubinstein. It makes our home-keeping youth acquaint with the fresh joy of keen wintery air and smiling wintery landscapes, of amber sunsets and rich brown hill-sides, and dim, gray twilight and frosty moon-rise. There is a timorous ecstasy in the first breathless essay of the "outward edge," such as the hero may feel when going into battle, and the first successful "backward five," may aptly prefigure all later triumph and achievement.

Nowhere can our young people—boys and girls together—meet in more healthy, natural and hearty relations than on the ice. Nowhere can a manly young fellow—we say it without shadow of silly sentimentality—so commend himself to the regard of a frank, kindly girl, as by his patient, considerate and helpful care in a series of first skating lessons. Nowhere is a fine courageous, spirited girl more attractive than in the modest but fearless determination with which she addresses herself to better the instruction of her more robust companion. Young eyes will light up at the glance of other eyes, we know; young hearts will beat responsive to other hearts, why not a thousand times better under the free sky, the crisp, clear air, and fine inspiration of noble exercise, than in the stifling, noxious atmosphere, and amid the morbid excitement of the ball-room or theatre.—*Scribner's for February.*

BEECHER ON REPARTEE.—There are few sharper men at repartee than Mr. Beecher. There are few livelier places than Plymouth Lecture Room on Friday night. Mr. Beecher treats his people as he does his family. He sits in his chair as cosily as he would at his fireside, and says any racy, jolly thing that comes into his mind. When anybody bores him by a long speech, he brings them up with a round turn. If they retort, he brings the laugh on them, and they sit down covered with confusion. Very few Plymouth people try a retort with the pastor. A very venerable and solemn deacon was one night pronouncing a funeral oration over the past members of the church. "I was recalling," he said (and this was uttered in a very whining and solemn tone), "the large number of people who used to take part in this meeting, who are now dead. I have the names of thirty or forty at home in a hymn-book, written, I think, Mr. Beecher, by yourself." Mr. Beecher sprung up and said: "There, I missed that hymn-book; but I didn't think, Deacon—, that you had stolen it. Won't you send it back?" A general laugh ran round the room, and the deacon suddenly terminated his funeral oration.

It is said that a gentleman had finished the picture of a dog, being tired and out of breath, but, not being able to give it the finishing stroke of slaver and foam at the mouth, became vexed and angry at his work, and at last, in sheer disgust, picked up his sponge and threw it at the picture, with the intent to deface or obliterate it, when, by accident, it hit just upon the mouth of the dog, and there performed what all the skill of the artist had failed to accomplish. Montague, in one of his essays, tells this story to show that luck or accident often does better for men than their own designs; and the old cynic adds, as an illustration of the same happy effect from his own experience that he once knew a man to throw a stone at a dog and hit and kill his mother-in-law instead.

Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break a nose, a rustic exclaimed: "Well, I dunno about that; I've blown my nose a number of times, and never broke it yet."

Joseph W. Ronco,  
FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,  
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Particular attention given to Cutting, Curling and Shampooing Ladies' and Children's Hair.

## ALONZO GODDARD,

DEALER IN

### Stoves of all Kinds,

including the Magee Portable Range.

Zinc, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Galvanized Iron Pipe, Hardware, Doty's Clothes Washer, Clothes Wringers, Kitchen Furnishing Goods, Tin, Japan, Britannia, Glass and Wooden Ware.

Special attention paid to manufacturing Milk Cans of all sizes.

MAIN STREET, EAST LEXINGTON

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## FURNITURE UPHOLSTERED

In any style or material. Also Repaired, Painted, Varnished or Polished.

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Cane Chairs Repeated, Beds and Mattresses Re-fitted, with Husk, Hair, &c.

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All work done with neatness and despatch.

### SECOND HAND FURNITURE Bought and Sold.

### SHOP IN MERRIFIELD'S BUILDING OPPOSITE DEPOT.

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Clocks, Fancy Goods

&c. &c. &c.

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Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, of every description, Repaired in the best manner.

U SHOULD read the UNION SPY, a Military Drama, published by John L. Parker, Woburn Mass., sent prepaid to any address for 15 cents.

### M. A. Richardson & Co.,

DEALERS IN

### PERIODICALS & STATIONERY!

Gent's Furnishing Goods,

HATS, CAPS, FANCY GOODS, CONFECTORY, PATENT MEDICINES, Etc.,

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Arlington, Mass.

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Offices at C. A. Corey's Store, Bedford, and B. C. Whitcher's Store, Lexington Center, where all orders that are left will be promptly attended to. References many of the prominent men in adjoining towns. Thankful for past favors, they solicit the generous patronage that has been given heretofore.

m6

### HENRY LOCKE,

DEALER IN

### PROVISIONS,

Vegetables, Fruits, &c.

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MAKES THE WEAK STRONG

CAUTION.—All genuine has the name "Peruvian Syrup," (not "Peruvian Bark.") blown in the glass. A 32-page pamphlet sent free. J. P. DINSMORE, Proprietor, 30 Day St., New York. Sold by all Druggists.

\$5 to \$20 per day. Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work in their spare moments, or all the time, than anything else. Particulars free. Address J. P. DINSMORE, Portland, Maine.



Vinegar Bitters are not a vile Fancy Drink, made of Poor Rum, Whisky, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced, and sweetened to please the taste, called "Remes," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the upper on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the Great Blood Purifier and a Life-giving Principle, a Perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, casting off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition, enriching it, refreshing and invigorating both mind and body. They are easy of administration, prompt in their action, certain in their results, safe and reliable in all forms of disease.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Diseases, and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Illness, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood; which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs and in Bilious Diseases.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Sciatica, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurf, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

Great Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

Tin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist: There is scarcely an individual on the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of medicine, no verminifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

Mechanical Diseases—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Tinsmiths, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS twice a week.

Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout the entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by offensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. Walker's VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Seroful